

the

# OMEN



GIVING SATAN GIGGLES SINCE 1912

# Contents

## THERE IS NO NEW ALF

Hey, Remember Jim Breuer?	7	Our Kind of Guy.....	14
The Boy is Obsessed.....	8	Hampshire Has Cable?.....	14
Ass and Butt and Superheroes.....	13	Official Omen Comic Contest.....	15
Lookie Who Won Beer.....			16

## ALF

Sign Up For Ass.....	4	I Was a Teenage Tard.....	9
It's All About the Monkeys.....	5	No Arms—Now That's Funny!.....	10
A Parody of My Ridiculous Standards.....	6	It's About Video Games.....	11
Maybe She Wants to Do Him Maybe.....			12

# The Omen

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[hamp.hampshire.edu/~omen/old\\_archive](http://hamp.hampshire.edu/~omen/old_archive)

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*"The funny  
thing is that the  
attractive guy is  
sucking off the  
ugly guy!"*

*Quote Attributed to  
Wade Stuckwisch*

## Submit to us ...

The *Omen* accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. We won't edit anything you write (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to be responsible for what you say (sign your real NAME). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 PM. Submit to Michael Pierce (C-411, box 916). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Jacob Chabot (B-308, x4445). We prefer submissions on disk—IBM or high density Mac—but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

Also, every Tuesday following the release of an issue is the official *Omen* meeting in the Airport Lounge at 9:30 PM. We will discuss important topics like the upcoming issue and the ever-prevalent dawn of the Planet of the Apes.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times. What better way to be heard?

*The Omen is a completely nonpartisan forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors' alone.*



## The Human Speaks!

An Editorial

by Jacob Chabot

I have a new way to spell crapulence, and it's N-E-M-O and that spells *Nemo*.

By now, you're all probably aware of this new kid on the block, this cocky upstart, this waste of trees, this waste of YOUR tuition. This Michael Zimm (Who is trying to bring back the handlebar moustache for some reason. Perhaps he thinks it will attract the ladies?) looks like he's getting orally satisfied.

Now I'm just being mean. I first became aware of *The Nemo* when I came to the pub lab, as I do every other weekend, in order to provide you, the student, with our quality product. *The Nemo* staff had been in there and taken down all of our posters, pictures, and other assorted artwork from the walls! Who do these people think they are! I mean, here we are, a reliable publication that consistently puts out a product

(sometimes even a quality product!) and this friggin' self-righteous group of glue sniffers thinks they can barge in and maliciously destroy what we had created. And it's not like they did anything, any actual work, that would improve the appearance of the pub lab. Like picking up any of the crap on the floor. No, you just had to toss out all of our decorations and inspirations.

Then they add insult to injury by leaving a note on the door about the pub lab being a community space and that we shouldn't fuck it up. Well, I'm sorry *Nemo*, we have only been working all year, with nary a complaint. **Do you think that you can come out of the blue and tell us what to do? Obviously, you don't know who you're messing with.** You push

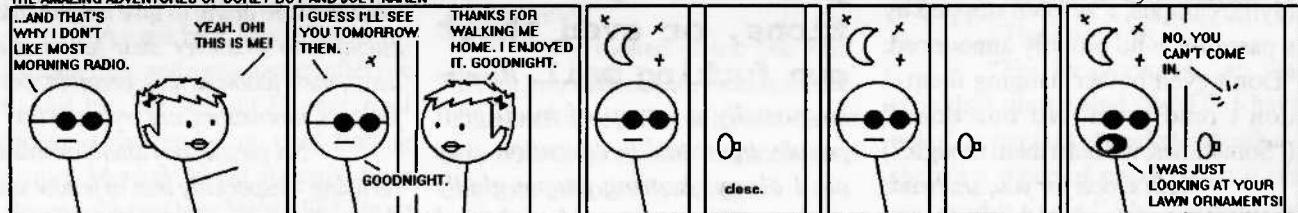
*The Omen*, and we push back. Hard. You don't want to mess with us. We have the power to eat souls! Like that Aphex Twin song with the creepy video! You will be frightened now! Cringe! You will curl up into a fetal position in our presence! I wouldn't think that *The Forward* or any of those other publications who's names escape me would appreciate it either.

I hereby declare *The Nemo* to be our new nemesis. I will put it before *The Forward*, before the yurt, before the hippies, before idiots and pot heads. *Nemo Shmemo. Nemo pee mo'*. We will crush them with our boots.

You go on and write your tepid, happy-go-lucky little articles, news articles that are riddled with inconsistencies and are pathetically out of date, and comic strips that *The Daily Collegian* would be embarrassed to print. You will fall before our might. Die.



THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY AND JOEY KAREN

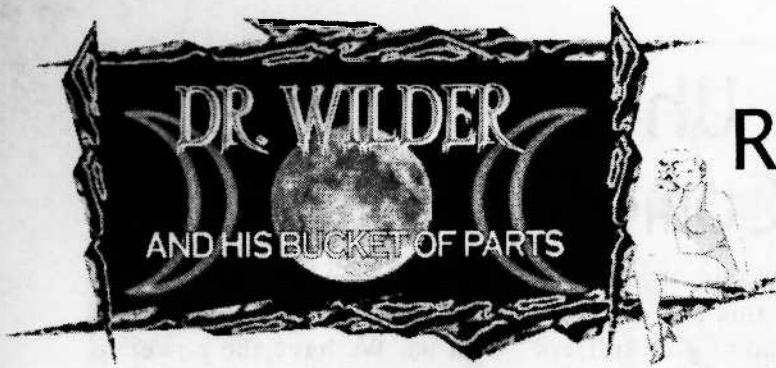


by Jacob Chabot

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY AND McCOY THE DUCK



by Jacob Chabot



by J. Wilder Konschak

**M**ay I now write my first Hate article? Yes, it was I who wrote the Anti-Section-Hate mad-lib last year. As noted by the Omen editor, I possibly single-handedly sucked the steam out of the Omen hate-factory. In spite of that, there's something that's really getting to me about this campus – or more specifically, about the people on it. And it's time I said something. Perhaps you'll even agree.

In short, my gripe is this. I cannot tolerate the pride that many students take at being absolutely dumb. I don't mean unintelligent. I don't mean weird. I mean dumb. I mean dumb and blind. I mean absolutely obvious and gleefully unaware of everything.

Believe it or not, I think that Hampshire has a lot of opportunities for us to do truly interesting things, interesting things that we couldn't do anywhere else. Yet, each time I've been out hanging posters on this idyllic campus, I've been stopped by a passerby, who proudly announced: "Don't even bother hanging them. I don't read them. No one does." ("Sometimes, we burn them though.")

*Well! Good for you, shithead! You've effectively made yourself a retarded sublife! You took the time and effort to brag that you don't read posters – but you didn't have enough oomph left to actually read them. Bravo! Go masturbate again, dickhead.*

*How many student-events are missed because fellow students "forgot" or "didn't know" about them? How many of those same*

*events were thoroughly posted for? How many sent out e-mails, pushed word-of-mouth, wrote on the board in Saga, stuffed mail boxes, advertised in the Omen, or the Forward? The answer is, a good number.*

*And yet, students pretend their ignorance is the fault of some weird them. "It's their fault I don't know what's going on. Hampshire doesn't have good communication. Hampshire doesn't knock on my door, beat me over the head, drag me a couple lousy yards, nail me to a seat so I can't leave during intermission. Hampshire didn't implant an electrode in my skull to transmit information with minute-to-minute reminders. I mean, I can't be expected to remember everything. I've got a lot on my mind." ("Pot mostly.")*

**The sad truth is, no one knows squat because no one's smart enough to read posters, publications, or even their own fucking mail.** If we're supposedly a group of intelligent people, interested in education, why am I always hearing people gladly declare, "They posted for it? Oh, I don't read posters," as if they're too good for them? They should add: "I'm a jackass. I like to have my head up my lovely bunghole. It's nice and damp and warm up there."

Now, I realize that Hampshire is composed of students who want to fight the system—who didn't join the glee club or the football team—who

# Read This for a Change

were too creative for the yearbook or the literary magazine. I realize that, and I love it. But these students need to realize that they're at Hampshire now, where almost any group can get funding, where there's a TV station open for any show or performance, where places like ASH are only a phone call away, where the largest student publication WILL PRINT ANYTHING YOU SEND IN! People – you're not fighting the system or being elite by ignoring what your friends are trying to do. Participation isn't uncool anymore. Grow up a little. Don't play dumb and complain that there's nothing to do whenever there's no parties in Prescott.

*Lastly, regardless of all the other reasons, if this article says nothing else to you, let it say this. This college is full of would-be artists, creators, performers, and innovators. It's clear that every real artist, every real creator, real performer, real innovator, needs an audience. Thus, it is clearly the responsibility of everyone who's serious about what they are doing to give respect and attention to whatever their fellow students, their fellow artists, creators, performers, innovators, are trying to do.*

*So, please, pay attention to advertising – especially that of fellow students. Support groups. Go to shows. Watch Intran. Read the publications cover-to-cover. For the fuck of Brittany Spears, give a little goddamn respect to the hard work of your friends, and your friends' friends, and people who may someday be your friends, whether you may believe it now or not.*

**BE A PART OF YOUR FUCKING COLLEGE!**

# Well, I'll Be a Monkey's Uncle

by Michael Benni Pierce

The room was filled with monkeys. Hundreds of them. They were typing on computers. Hundreds of them too. Printing page after page. I managed to grab a page and stick it in my pocket. I needed proof that I had been to Monkey Island.

Thinking back, it was amazing to me that I had only learned about Monkey Island three weeks ago. It was such an absurd rant, but I couldn't help but stare and listen to the man who would be King. "Monkey Island," he said, "is where you see the dominance of man and woman over nature. Monkey Island is a place that draws no boundaries, but instead, allows natural evolution to take its normal course. I should know, I've been there."

"Why's it called Monkey Island?"

Sheesh, I was so naive.

To make a long story short, the man showed me a map with the location of Monkey Island, and told me to see for myself. The only thing he required from me in return was a flea bath and a banana.

A week later, I had a fine crew, a strong ship, and a star named after me to sail by. We set out in search of monkeys, but ended up only finding danger. Monkey Island appeared to us eleven long days later. We studied it from afar, seeing the huge stone monkey looming above the trees below.

"Do we dare go closer, sir?"

"We do," I said, "I demand we go into the belly of the beast." A cold chill swept across the boat as we descended upon the sandy shore. The scent of monkey was in the air.

"Do you think that this might

be Monkey Island, sir?"

If the huge stone monkey or the horrific smell hadn't already been enough proof, I pointed to a signpost, "Welcome to Monkey Island. Eek eek. All Ye Who Enter, Tread Lightly or Tread Deadly. Hoo Hoo Hee Hee. OOOT." Undoubtedly, it had been written by a monkey.

The next three days were tense, stressful, and monkeyless. We didn't see any monkeys, although on a completely unrelated note, three members of my crew disappeared each night, leaving only myself, the Captain, and Louis Eagle to set sail for home.

**We would have left the next morning, had it not been for the strange monkey enchantress**

who led me to a sacred resting ground for deceased monkeys. I read the first few graves at the entrance. The names were familiar.

"George Washington ... Benjamin Franklin ... Jim Morrison? What's this all mean, strange monkey enchantress?"

She looked at me and said, "Don't you understand, foolish biped - this island is the center of all life. This is where life began, flourished, and spread out from trillions of years ago."

"So? That didn't answer my question. What do these graves mean?"

"They are markers—representing the loss of our descendants."

"But you're a monkey!!!"

"And so are you ... bitch."

"AHHHHH!" I ran, screaming. I had to get off from Monkey Island.



Lost in the thick underbrush of the forest, I decided to rest in a cave that I found. I walked through it for a while, and realized that it wasn't a cave at all. It was actually a tunnel. Hearing sounds at the other end, I decided to continue along.

What I saw on the other end of the tunnel has already been expressed to you when I began this story. Monkeys. Hundreds of them on hundreds of computers, typing like crazy.

I was trapped in the middle, between a monkey and a hard rock. I needed to think fast and use my wits to get me out of this one. Then I was hit over the head with a cold, steel object.

I awoke on a sailing vessel. My body was bandaged in various places from blows I had taken. A nurse walked in at that moment.

"Where am I?" I asked as she approached me.

"On the battleship Bombay. We found your body floating lifelessly in a dingy. We're returning to the coast now and should be arriving by early morning tomorrow."

"Unbelievable. The monkeys must have let me live."

"The monkeys, sir?"

"Yes, the monkeys ... no, you wouldn't understand. WAIT! I have proof. In my jacket pocket—quick—there's a piece of paper. Take it out and read it to me." She walked over to my jacket and pulled out the torn piece of paper.

Unwrapping it, she opened her mouth to utter the first words. As she read them, it sounded strangely familiar, "The room was filled with monkeys. Hundreds of them. They were typing on computers. Hundreds of them too.

Printing page after page..."





by Wade Stuckwisch

**W**riting a movie review column begins to become difficult when you stop seeing movies. For example, there's me. In the two weeks since the last *Omen* I have seen no (count them... one, two... oh wait, I mean NONE! followed by NONE!) new movies. OK, I saw *Toy Story 2* and didn't say anything about it, but what the fuck do you need to hear about *Toy Story 2* from me? Joan Cusak rules. There, that's the review. Happy??!?

{WANTED: SWM, 22, seeks people with good taste in movies. Must be willing to travel to Springfield. Desire to see Magnolia, Girl Interrupted, Boys Don't Cry, or Next Friday a plus. No pretentious pricks.}

Have you ever wondered about Community Council? Just what is it that this mysterious junta of elected officials does, anyway? Usually the only time I ever hear about Community Council is when somebody is talking shit about them. I remember seeing posters for an Elections and Information Committee earlier this year, toting it as the "propaganda wing of Community Council." What does EIC do, anyway? I would think that if the Info Committee was doing their job, the I would know what they do. I would ask when Comrade Stalin overthrew the bourgeois democratically-elected Council and reorganized it into "wings," I mean I suppose that might explain all the anti-Semitic literature I've been getting from EIC in my mailbox.... but I think a better question would be if Community Council has half an election per semes-

# Don't You Want Somebody to Love?

Choose Wade - PLEASE! He won't write, he won't work - he only drinks.

ter and no info available, what the hell does EIC do? Sure, I suppose I could (gasp) become involved, but I'm already involved in enough extracurricular bullshit, as I'm sure many other concerned members of the campus are. Besides, I doubt Community Council need one more well-meaning unelected agenda-toting fascist running around. And then there's COCA...

{WANTED: SWM, 22, seeks one enjoyable COCA-sponsored event which appeals to the diverse interests of Hampshire students. I am on the full meal plan and hate jam bands full of unbathed white people. Events featuring the words "funk" or "potluck" need not apply.}

In other news, I wandered into SAGA this morning (morning being about 12:20 PM... yup, I am in college) and what shoud pass before my eyes but—great day in the morning—a new *Forward*. And this one actually didn't completely suck. Now I know that it has been the mission of this publication in the past to mercilessly mock whatever sad attempt at a student newspaper Hampshire concocts, but after three years of *The Forward* either 1) trying to be the *Omen*, 2) trying to be something other than a newspaper, 3) trying not to get sued, or 4) trying to get a friggin' issue out at all, I feel kinda sorry for the poor struggling *Forward*. This time, *The Forward* actually had more than half a page of news about Hampshire... I only hope they can keep it up.

{WANTED: SWM, 22, seeks student-run publication with answers to questions like why is my cable all fucked up, where am I supposed to park when

the lot is full, and what the hell does EIC do. National and international news or political rants need not apply. Regular publishing schdule a must. Omen need not apply.}

Speaking of getting sued, I would like to make it clear that the thing about getting anti-Semitic literature from EIC was a joke and has never actually happened. I'm too busy with my Div III (trying to figure out just what work it is that I'm avoiding) to deal with a lawsuit. All I'm saying is, when they came for the gypsies...

{WANTED: SWM, 22, seeks drinking buddies to distract him from Div III. Must enjoy darts. Good taste in movies and/or music a plus.}

This brings me to my final rant: Valentine's Day. I hate Valentine's Day. **There are only three holidays that I truly despise: Hitler's Birthday, New Year's Eve, and Valentine's Day.** The reasons for disliking the first are obvious. The reason for disliking the latter two is that they both seem to be the only holidays designed exclusively to remind you what a good time you're not having. To hell with 'em both, and fuck Hallmark too.

{WANTED: SWM, 22, 5' 6" 154 lbs, seeks Sarah Jessica Parker.}

OK, I think I've wasted enough of the *Omen*'s space. See ya in two weeks.

{WANTED: SWM, 22, seeks topic for *Omen* article.}

# Whoop! There It Was!

by Mark Hugo

**N**ow that it's the oughts you know, the years between 2000 (double ought) and 2009 (ought-nine) it's time to take a short little trip down memory lane. It was a time when America was entertained by animatronic dinosaurs. Phrases like "Not the Momma" and "Gotta Love Me" could be heard on all our lips. We "partied on" in an "excellent" fashion with Wayne and Garth. For a week or two grunge gave us all an excuse to wear wrinkled flannel and not wash our hair. Then, two weeks later, we dyed our hair green, listened to Green Day, and made fun of all those posers who weren't punk enough for us. Oh, but who could forget the week in-between, after watching *The Crow*, when we all wore black and tried to use our angst depression to get laid. Upon failure we consoled ourselves with a healthy dose of "Nine Inch Nails." Yes, my friends, it was the 90's.

Who could forget the zany humor of Urkel or those crazy superheroes on the half shells, the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. Cowabunga Dudes! Or saving your homework on a big old five and a quarter inch floppy disk. Remember those? My computer still has one of those arcane drives, but it's little more than a glorified doorstop. But I digress.

I was halfway through middle school when the 90's broke into this world. Let's take a look back into my world, you might remember it. After a few classes which consisted of brutal wasp wars whenever the teacher turned his or her back, I'd head off to my locker, my backpack slung over one shoulder (1 shoulder = cool, 2 shoulders = uncool). I'd stow my Jan Sport (or Jan Sport rip-off) next to my Starter jacket and baseball cap (only to be worn backwards, of course) and headed off to lunch, which assuredly included a few Poly-O cheese snacks. I'd pass kids in the hall, noticing the welts on their wrists from the repeated abuse of Snap Bracelets. If you were a tough guy you would take off the fluorescent outer covering off and just use the metal bracelet. In lunch someone probably bragged how good they were at Mortal Kombat. And for some reason other kids were deeply impressed.

**Years later  
other things would be  
cool, like heroin.  
Remember heroin? Who  
could forget the  
allure of that drug.**

"Hey, Bobby's dead." "Why?" "He was doing heroin." "Cool." Then we'd watch *Pulp Fiction* and decide

to become film students. You know it's true, Wade!

But we sure had some good television. *Seinfeld* kept us repeating wacky catch phrases around the water cooler. And shows like *Twin Peaks*, *Northern Exposure*, and *China Beach*, and *My So-Called Life* kept us begging for more. Of course *Twin Peaks* kept everyone equally confused and alienated at the same time. But it wasn't all good. I hate to bring it up, but there was a short-lived show called *Cop Rock*. If you don't remember it, just add a special thanks to your prayers tonight. And don't forget Tori Spelling, *The Chevy Chase Show*, and *The Magic Hour*. But then again, who could forget all those naughty Fox shows like *Married with Children* and *In Living Color*. And if you were lucky you caught a few of the last music videos ever shown on MTV before it became overrun with *The Real World* and whatnot.

As the memory of that sweet and innocent time threatens to fade into oblivion we must remember those golden years. Sure, it wasn't a perfect time. Maybe Crystal Pepsi wasn't a good idea. But what about the Budweiser Frogs? They were pretty funny. I guess all in all you can say is "Whoop! There it is!" and remember the nineties for what it's worth.

## Oh, Mumford! by B. T. Johnston

by Neil Golden



# Feel Free to Suck It

by Jacob Chabot

**M**arvel Comics. You know..Spider-Man, the X-Men, Captain America, Blade? I'm sure anyone who has read comics sometime in their lives has read a Marvel Comic. It's almost a prerequisite for getting into comics. Let's see what wackiness they're up to nowadays (at least in the books I get), mmkay?

*Deadpool*, by Christopher Priest and assorted artists—Deadpool originally appeared back in the heyday of the X-Character corner of the Marvel Universe, you know, back when Rob Liefeld was cool enough to do jeans commercials and X-Force was the hottest new book. Snigger. When Deadpool first got his own title, I was skeptical that a minor villain created (snigger! I'm sorry! It's just that the man has no talent!) by Rob "I Got Fired From My Own Imprint" Liefeld could be any good. The first twenty-five issues proved me dead wrong. This was the best Marvel comic that I

had read in years. It was funny in many different ways, humorous dialogue, an irreverent look at Marvel characters, oddball characters in bizarre situations, and subtle little things that you don't catch at first. But the humor didn't keep it from being a serious book. Deadpool was an inherently bad person trying to become good for the love of a woman. Meanwhile, an organization was trying to groom him to save the known world. Not an easy role to fill for a guy who kills people for money. Over the twenty-five issues he learned from his actions and grew as a character, something you don't usually see in a Marvel comic (For just how long has Venom held a grudge against Spider-Man?). This was all due to the fine writing of Joe Kelly, who—as you might have noticed—no longer works on the book. Ever since he left, the book has been a pale shade of what it was. The colorful supporting cast has been eliminated. Deadpool just bounces from adventure to crappy adventure (Oh, so now Loki is his father! Riiight...) drawn in a style that is not too easy on the eyes. About a year ago, the book was saved from cancellation due to fan support. I bet they're kicking themselves now.

*Earth X*, by Alex Ross, Jim Krueger, and John Paul Leon—The basic premise of this twelve issue long series is in the future of the Marvel Universe, the whole world has superpowers due to a rash of mutations dubbed "Plague X."

This causes some superheroes like Spidey, to step down. Half of the Fantastic Four is dead. Others have changed, Thor is now a woman and The Hulk is split into two beings. A new Red Skull, who looks like Leonardo DiCaprio in a Punisher costume is using his mind control powers to take over the world. **Oh yeah, and a bunch of cosmic beings are coming to destroy the world. Excitement abound!!?? No.** The art is okay, but is muddy and hard to read at times. The story is damn slow. It's told through the Machine Man telling a blind Watcher what is happening on Earth. For six issues we are treated to the Watcher verbosely asking "What do you see?" and the Machine Man verbosely answering him, describing each character. And nothing happens. Note to self: Lots of words does not necessarily make for a deep, complex story. It has been picking up now that it's reaching the end of the story, but if this hadn't been a finite series, I would have stopped reading a long time ago. It will probably read better if you can read it all in one sitting. It is epic if anything. Also, if you're not someone who knows a whole heckuva lot about the history of Marvel, a lot of this stuff will not make any sense.

*Daredevil*, by Kevin Smith/David Mack and Joe Quesada—I was never a big Daredevil fan when I was younger. I was at first an ALF and *Transformers* kinda guy, later an X-anything kinda guy. I picked up a few old Frank Miller issues, but that was about it. When they relaunched the book with Kevin Smith (yes THAT Kevin Smith) and Joe Quesada do-

*continued on next page*



# Tards and Smarties

by Keely Flynn

**M**y parents thought I was retarded (I mean that in the most politically correct way possible) from birth to about the age of six. When I was born, I did nothing but smile all day; if I had known I was to be judged for it, I might have upped my standards a tad. They stuck me in a playpen and I'd be content to grin, giggle, and essentially be a newborn. "Doctor," they asked frantically, "Why won't our baby girl walk? Her older, brighter, and essentially flawless older sister came out of the womb tap-dancing. Is little Tequila retarded?" The doctor, God-bless his little heart, told them that no, I was most likely a-ok, and would toddle when I felt the need. Incidentally, no one cared to point out in later years that my first few steps broke into a sprint and that I didn't stop until I had helped win the all-county cross-country meet as a Varsity senior. So there.

It all went downhill from the whole "Hey, why is she behaving like the newborn that she is" thing. The

situation eventually culminated in a particularly disturbing incident where I was sent home from kindergarten with a report card indicating that I had poor motor skills and perhaps should be in a remedial class. Never mind that little Keely had taught herself how to speed-read at the age of four or that she had already rewired the Commodore 64 and the Atari. Why couldn't she zip her coat? **I t turned out that the zipper was broken, and had been broken since 1984, where they had already encountered this phenomenon!** Shit, my Dad couldn't even get the thing to work and this is the guy who rewired my E-Z Bake Oven to jumpstart the VW Vanagon.

They later put me in the gifted and talented program to make up for years of insults to my intelligence, but the first-born Tallulah (not her real name) informed me that they were required by law to include "my type." Yeah. At least I don't rely entirely on the J. Crew catalog's section

*continued from previous page*

ing it, I figured I'd give it a whirl. The first issue was...okay. It wasn't anything special. The art was good and the writing was fine, but nothing that led up to the hype. A few issues later, I was hooked. The art has developed into something that looks nothing like a Marvel Comic. There are art nouveau borders and lattice work throughout the book. The color scheme switches around in accordance with the drama, sometimes it's merely black and white and red. Now that David Mack is writing the current story arc, Quesada collages together his traditional style,

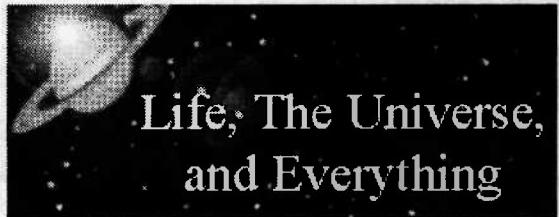
with words and symbols, along with sketchy child-like drawings. Often, the artwork consists of just his pencils, giving it a softer, fine arts feel compared to the usual hard black lines from the inkwork. The coloring almost looks painted at times due to today's computer coloring techniques. Smith's story arc had me totally fooled. It started out with religious themes as Daredevil was torn whether or not to protect an infant that might be the antichrist. Then his life starts to fall apart. Someone important dies and we never know more than Daredevil does. We're completely taken along for the ride. At

of khaki, plaid, and more khaki to coordinate with my boyfriend and the rest of my goddamn preppy school. How's that for I.Q.? I'm an individual, just like everyone else here. Sheesh.

My goodness—in reading over what I've written as of yet, I've noticed a frightening trend...it's all concerning *me*. And now that I mention it, *all* of my previous *Omen* articles have been entirely about...*me*! This is disturbing. I'd hate to give off the impression that my favorite topic is myself. So, to remedy this social faux pas, my next article will be all about *you*. No, seriously. If you can convince me that you are worthy of being interviewed, give me a call. Tell me about yourself, what you contribute to Hampshire in the grand scheme of things, and how it affects me. I'll take you out to Saga, we'll enjoy a meal, and I'll interview you over a sumptuous plate of pasta fantastica. My extension is 4570, and I can be emailed at [keflynn@hamp](mailto:keflynn@hamp). Go nuts. I implore you to make the next "Profitable Narcissism" section **not** about me. In fact, I outright dare you. 

the climax of the story, it takes a 470 degree turn, and hits you with something totally unexpected. Not in the "they're just making it all up" kind of unexpected, the "Whoa. It all makes sense now" kind and then BAM! An ending you would not expect to come from a Marvel Comic. That is all I can say about that. Mack's story arc is progressing nicely, as he constructs a nemesis for Daredevil who is deaf. Oh, and she can duplicate any complex movement she sees. And she thinks Daredevil killed her father. And get this, she doesn't wear a costume. Crazy, huh? 





## Life, The Universe, and Everything

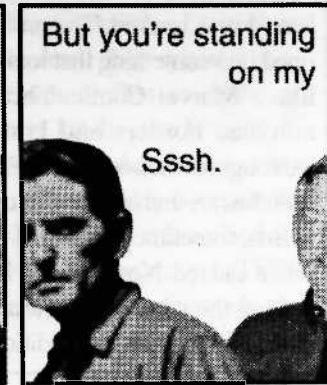
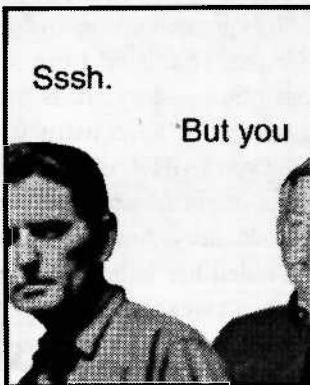
by Jenni Jymm Gifford

**O**kay, so why is it that every guy I know has a girlfriend who hates me? Am I just that beautiful? I mean, I am really not the boyfriend-stealing slut that I am made out to be. Sure I've kissed a few guys who were less than single, but hey, it wasn't as if they were protesting. And maybe I was just trying to show them that it was their girlfriends that they really wanted, not me? So why all the malice? This has been a burning question in my mind ever since the first of my guy friends obtained an "other half" and she immediately declared me a bitch. Sight unseen. And I think that I have figured it out. It all has to do with my name.

Traditionally, in the world of Hollywood, the name Jennifer has been reserved for bimbo secretaries and illicit mistresses. I remember Bill Murray having an affair with a woman named Jennifer (in a movie, of course). So my mother, in a pain induced haze on, decided, on the day that I was born, mistakenly to curse me forever with a bad reputation.

Now I've tried to counteract this terrible stigma.

Oh, Mumford! by B. T. Johnston



# And No, I'm Not a Slut

I've started wearing underwear. I keep my breasts for the most part covered, and I don't even wear lipstick. I've stopped exercising in the hopes that the terrible figure that the women in my family are cursed with would catch up to me. I've ceased concealing my bad habits (yes, I bite my nails), and I've ditched my come hither stare. All to no avail. **It would seem that Jennifers are born to be sexy.** And we are destined to be hated by any female who is attached to a male that we might happen to be friends with ... find attractive ... want to sleep with. Whatever.

So I have come up with a solution that does not require me to sacrifice my all too fragile beauty. I am going to change my name. No longer will girlfriends worldwide hear my name and pull their loved one's closer to them. No longer will I be required to become a secretary.

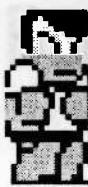
But then...what to call myself? There seem to be a million names, from one as ordinary as Jane to something hippie like Moonbeam to

something ultra modern like....Plastique. I tried many different versions out on my friends. They proved to be a tough crowd. First I said "Jay! I'll call myself Jay!!" But, alas, it was a no go. Then I thought, hey what about a pretty one like....Zola! You know, there was this movie about this man who had a son who called his mother the Tomato from Altoona and the son's girlfriend was named Zola. And, apparently, there was some author or another who was named that. But, once again, the crowd was impossible to please. "NO Jenni! You can't change your name! You aren't anything but a Jenni!!" I, however, was determined. I thought long and hard. And, finally, I decided on Jymm. Jymm would be my name. I told my friends, who hated it, that they could go fuck themselves, and that I was sticking with it. So, I now have a new name. Jymm. It's posted on my door. I introduce myself to people as Jymm. I am Jymm.

So the other night, some girl knocks on my door, and bitches me out for "hitting" on her boyfriend. Go figure.

by Neil Golden

# DANGER !!!!! TERROR HORROR



## Section ZOLE



by Michael Zole

I think I'm getting old. Sure, I'm only 19, but the writing is on the wall. I've started going to bed earlier, wearing a cardigan, and saying things like "Remember Harvey Danger? Those were the days." But you have to give me some credit. It's hard to stay current, what with the pace of change in the world today, especially when you're going to America's number one Experimenting Liberal Arts College. The times, they are becoming very different, and there's no question that Hampshire is leading the pack.

For example: perhaps you've noticed that the food in our Dining Commons has been particularly bland this semester. No, it's not because you sold your taste buds to buy heroin; it's a revolutionary new chemical called Super Bland! Colleges across America are jumping on the "blandwagon" and Hampshire, as usual, is as well. Super Bland works by bonding to flavor, which then easily washes away, leaving food flawlessly bland time after time. "But what does Sodexho-Marriott do with all that extra flavor?" you ask. **Simple: the flavor is given to Hampshire's hip-hop groups, who convert it into "flava",** which is used to produce phat beats for campus-wide broadcast the minute I go to bed. Waste not, want not!

Speaking of student groups, a number of new groups

have risen up to fight the problems that plague our society every day. But again, this isn't just any college. Hampshire students don't spout silly, "pie-in-the-sky" solutions like "increased lighting" or "call boxes"; we know how to get results. I am referring, of course, to the Planet of the Apes Prevention Society (POAPS) which has been doing an admirable job keeping our campus free of those "damn dirty apes" for several weeks now. Keep up the good work, fellas!

We Hampshire students hold the free press sacred, and this pioneering philosophy shows stronger than ever in 2000. In addition to *Omen*, my contacts in the Recycling Club tell me there's this publication called *The Forward*. The second page of said publication states that *The Forward* is published weekly. So I guess if *The Forward* is weekly and the *Omen* is biweekly, that means we published one and a half issues of the *Omen* last semester. I guess that makes sense. I remember writing one and a half articles last semester.

You probably all received notices on the vending machine situation. Essentially, our previous vending machine distributor was a misogynistic, patriarchal corporation that sought to lower awareness and disempower women. Plus, they weren't refilling the Fruitopia often enough. Clearly, this was a situation that could not be tolerated. So now we reap the benefits of brand-new vending machines across campus, and we can drink the sweet nectar of free-

dom (Dr. Pepper) any time we damn well please. Vive le revolution!

Of course, not all change is easy. I say this because of a recent story in the *Daily Collegian* (motto: "Enjoy our comics page") about how Brown recently banned the use of the program Napster, which allows users to trade MP3 files over the Internet. The article mentions the controversial nature of MP3s, although all I remember is the phrase "if MP3s are outlawed" which is not unlike saying "if cassette tapes are outlawed." I may be old, but **at least I know my ass from my elbow when it comes to audio compression.**

(FOOTNOTE FOR THOSE WHO DO NOT UNDERSTAND THE NATURE OF THE MP3: The reason MP3s have become popular for trading music is that they can store CD-quality audio in fairly little space, facilitating transfer over the Internet. However, this is not illegal in and of itself, much as owning a cassette tape is not illegal, as far as I know.)

I realize this is a lot to handle. We live in a time of constant change, not to mention pizza, but the important thing is to remember that with some perseverance and a little teamwork, anything is possible if you set your mind to it.

Aw, fuck, what am I saying? Nothing ever changes. Same crap, different year. I'm gonna go play video games.



by Jess VanScoy

Well, the spring semester has begun and I am still in the same position: only this time, the work, the people and the overall atmosphere are different.

I saw someone slip on the ice the other day from my "gorgeous view of FPH" room. I laughed really hard and mumbled something like "Stupid Californian" under my breath. Five minutes later I was walking in the same place. Doo dee doo dee dooo...WHAM! You see, people think (myself, I suppose, included) that because I'm from Maine, I won't get cold or <ahem>—fall on the ice. Uh-uh. That fall served me right.

My life has consisted of classes, pesty Div I's (yes, I still haven't finished them) and GETTING INTO PHOTO I!!! OK, so I'm a little obsessed, but hey, if you got it—why not flaunt it?

I've been going crazy with work, though. But last Thursday I had tickets to Ben Harper and you better believe I enjoyed every free minute I had. We arrived an hour and a half early to get our tickets. We stood in the snow, the boys in their thin Chucks and debating about who was "The Boss."

Corey Harris opened up. What a great, great man. His hair was all dreaded and pulled up into a weird ponytail thing and he was wearing black and white Adidas windpants. He had this versatile voice that would go from Bob Marley to B.B. King, from high to low in his bluesy songs. When a man sitting in front of me yelled

"Where are you from?", it seemed like Harris was ignoring him. The audience quietly watched the man to see his "Please, please, PLEASE answer me!" face, until Harris replied "I come from my mama." (What a funny, funny man.) The man in front of me sat back in his chair looking all proud as his buddies slapped his back and laughed.

The lights came on after he left and we spent what seemed like a half an hour talking to the multitudes of Hampshire kids we saw there. Finally Ben came on with his band, The Innocent Criminals. There was this awesome guy, I forgot his name, on percussion. Sometimes he would lip sync the songs along with Harper, too, which I thought was cute. Then there was this big man in a cutoff red t-shirt named Juan who played the bass. He was my favorite; I screamed the loudest for him. He was Juan in a million (please shoot me).

The microphone stand and guitar formed an F-shape in front of Harper. His black, curly hair reminded me of cotton candy. It was parted in the middle and flattened down, almost like Buckwheat. He concentrated on his music very slowly, almost like he thought the audience wasn't there. Like he was walking on a tightrope and he might topple over, but he had done it for so long, he knew he wouldn't. His assistant brought out his different instruments, ones I had never even seen before—including a double-headed guitar with 18 strings. (Thanks, Matt.)

I got down. My friends and I flung our arms and bodies

## Sing it with me - DON'T FUCK THE BISCUITS!!

everywhere until we were exhausted. We laughed at the stupid people who brought "We love U, Ben" posters or the man who would periodically yell out "BEN HARPER!!!" What the hell is that?

He came back after intermission singing "Sexual Healing," which I dug. Eww, and he also played this song called "I Have to Steal My Kisses From You," to which a forty year old man and a twenty year old woman were dirty dancing to. He went towards her all passionately and she would back up. So he would get closer and finally she would submit and let him "steal her kisses." Gross.

Afterwards we bumbled back to our car and squeezed in. **We stopped to get gas after a little helper elf noted "Are you aware that you haven't any fuel?"** which seemed oddly funnier than on paper. We also stopped and shopped at a supermarket where my friend bought some peanut butter. Note to self: **Never ever ever let anyone eat peanut butter from the jar in a ride home with five people shut inside.** I thought I was going to puke all over the "Chicken Soup for the Soul/for College Students" book I was holding onto; It is in his backseat for inspirational reading when you get bored...

We made it home and ignored the rest of our work that was due the next day.

Ahhh...as it were...



# Assload of Buttcheeks

by Zak Kauffman

I was watching the preview for *Mission Impossible 2*. It opens real cool, with secret agent Ethan Hunte (Tom Cruise) climbing up the side of a mountain bare handed (no rope). Very cool scene, showing the sly spy superman doing things that normal people can't. Then they go and fuck it up. Hunte loses his grip and slides down the cliff, only to save himself at the very last second by gripping the ledge with his free hand. Now, this looked kind of cool and created some suspense, but in my whiny ass Hampshire opinion it's bullshit, and is a type of bull that's been messing up my action movies for decades. It's bullshit because it means that the ultra skilled super-spy fucked up on something that should have been easy, and only survived through half-assed (perhaps even no-assed) luck. As an isolated case this is fine, but it happens in almost every action movie where the hero is supposed to be an infallible uberman of destruction and intrigue, and it's starting to bug me.

Action movies generally fall into two categories. The action movies where the hero is some semi-average guy in way over his head (*Die Hard*, *The Rock*, *Cliffhanger*), and the movies where the hero is a superman

of unparalleled ass kicking skill (Bond movies, *True Lies*, *The Professional*.) In the latter movies, the whole point is to watch this super badass beat all the mere mortals who thought they could fuck with him. The hero is so skilled and trained and tough that no one should really have a chance against him. The only danger is that the hero is up against so many people that it takes some time for him to get around to killing everyone (necks don't just snap themselves).

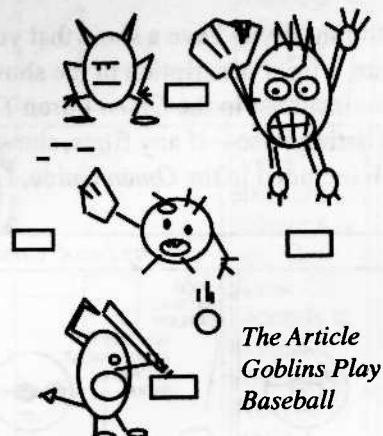
To keep the movie interesting and to create little surges of suspense, the director usually compromises the hero's divinity and makes him fuck up somehow, putting himself into a situation where he's about to die until at the last second he gets saved through some lucky ass occurrence. Maybe the hero is getting his ass handed to him by a henchmen, and at the last second before Odd Job finishes the hero off he's able to electrocute him using some luckily nearby prop. Or the hero is sneaking into the high security secret headquarters but has to hide in the utility closet when he accidentally makes a loud noise, and just as the guard is about to open the door and check it out someone calls them away and says to stop wasting time, it was probably just the wind. Or my personal favorite, some silly mortal manages to get the drop on our divine hero, and just as the villain is about to squeeze the trigger, the hero's wise-cracking (and presumed dead) sidekick comes out of nowhere and shoots the villain, saving our hero in the nick of time.

All of these situations are fun (especially when coupled with pithy comments), but when they happen EVERY SINGLE TIME it starts to piss me off. It pisses me off because it means that our hero, whom we were

assured was super skilled and infallible (that's why he's survived his job so long and gets all the chicks), fucked up big time and is only alive today because he lucked out. Either Bond is a super spy who's the best at what he does and is fully capable of stopping S.P.E.C.T.R.E. as part of his job, or he's not. He shouldn't have to win every time just by being lucky enough to be missed by the world-class sniper. He should be able to just do it! Otherwise, he'd be dead a long time ago. If you want to see someone who's outclassed and can only survive because he's a lucky Irish bastard, rent *Die Hard*. If I rent Bond, I want to see some skills.

One more example to hit it home. Both *Kick Boxer* and *Blood Sport* (two fine films starring the Muscles from Brussels, Jean Claude Van-Damme) end with super skilled Van Damme fighting his arch nemesis for the title belt. In both cases, the entire movie previous to this fight was spent showing us that **Van Damme is better at kicking people in the face than anyone else in the face kicking business.** And so how does the final fight end? Does Van Damme get his ass kicked and then just barely win at the last second through luck? Hell no! Van Damme beats on them like snare drums. They barely manage to land a hit while he breaks every bone in their villainous bodies. In fact, in both movies the enemy has to cheat to get an advantage, and Van Damme still kicks their asses (clenching his butt cheeks the entire time.) He was better, so he won the fights.

So please, stop making my heroes mess up. Just let them do their job and move on.



*The Article  
Goblins Play  
Baseball*

# Good Times are Here Again

by Brady Burroughs

Although I feel a bit silly reviewing a record, let alone a record that came out a few years ago and features music released years before that, I feel compelled to due to its incredible nature. The album in question is *Easy Listening For Iron Youth: The Best of NON* by *NON* or, more precisely, *Boyd Rice*—because most of the album is entirely his doing. I've been fascinated by this man for a few years owing to his bizarre work and even stranger contradictions within his real or supposed "philosophy." His use of "iron" imagery, norse runes, and an apparent fondness for authoritarian uniforms have led many to assume he is a Nazi. This view however, overlooks his fondness for ABBA, bubblegum music, B-movies, and Martin Denny (who heavily uses ethnic instruments, rhythms and melodies). In my opinion, his actual politics are irrelevant compared to the confusion he generates through his ambiguity—that, I feel, is where his true art lies.

Now for the music! The first song called "Iron Destiny," is basically two seconds of a military march repeated over and over again with subtle changes to the speed and EQ of the track. From there, **there are songs like "Carnis Vale" and "Defenestration," which are basically walls of corrosive sound with no discernable rhythm or melody** (although at times your brain will tell you otherwise). The strangest track on the album, in the sense that it bears almost no resemblance to anything else contained within, is "Cleanliness and Order" which sounds vaguely 80's synth-pop with a woman speaking as if she was a 50's mother talking to her son. What is interesting about the whole thing is, described it sounds like it could be incredibly difficult to listen to, but in fact it tends to be rather soothing (even at high volumes). If the listener wants to hear it as nothing but bothersome noise that is all one will hear, and

it will be very annoying. It is not to be approached as one tends to critically approach "music"—one will be sorely disappointed. The music is "altered" by the listener's perception of it and one's state of mind; i.e. if one is in an angry mood—it will sound angry. If one is trying to sleep, it becomes calming—lulling you to relaxation. It is entirely reflective of the listener's mentality and subconscious

As relaxing as it can be to listen to, conceptually it is pure misanthropy. Dedicated to people like Jack the Ripper, Marquis de Sade, Anton LaVey, Ghengis Khan, Vlad the Impaler and Charles Manson. Inside it features quotes from Anton LaVey and Richard Wagner along with an old woodcut of Vlad the Impaler feasting in a forest of his impaled enemies. On the other hand, it also feels like parts of the album were done just to piss people off (like the aforementioned "Iron Destiny" and the thanking of dictators, rapists, and serial killers on the back of the album), but isn't that part of the fun? O

## OMEN INTRAN TV GUIDE

by J. Wilder Konschak

The *Omen* would like to create a television guide for our local station, Intran. If you have a show that you would like to have included in the Intran guide, simply submit the name, a brief description of the show, and the date/time. If you don't have a show that you would like to have included in the *Omen* Intran TV Guide, then do not submit any information, and it will be excluded from our listing. Also—if any films, shows, or videos are being shown around campus (at ASH, etc), and you would like it included in the *Omen* Guide, simply submit the name, a brief description, the date/time, and location. O

THROW AWAY JOKE STRIP

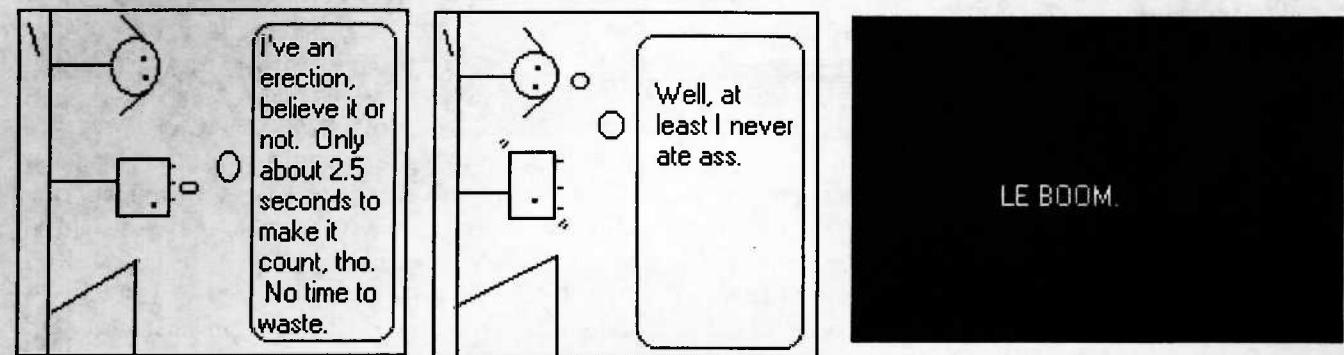
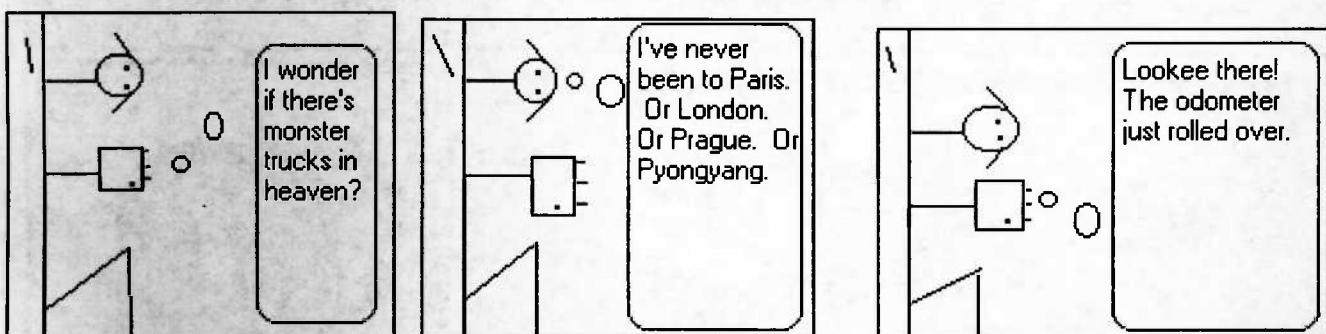


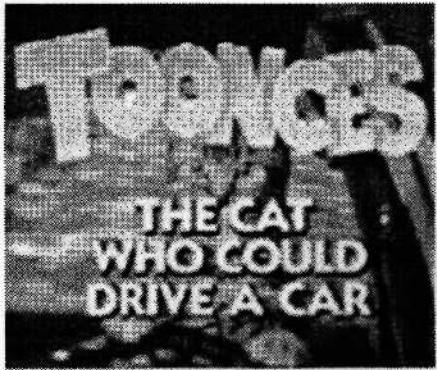
by Jacob Chabot

# Official *Omen* Contest Results

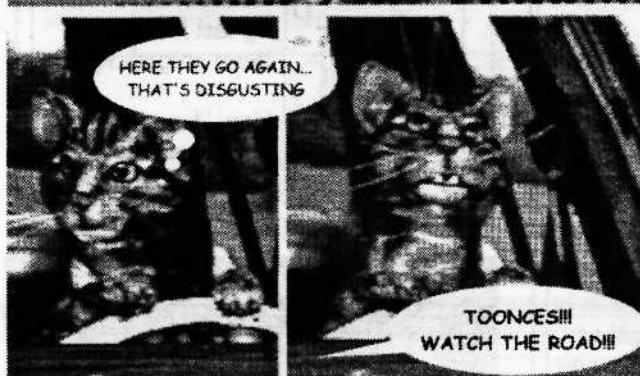
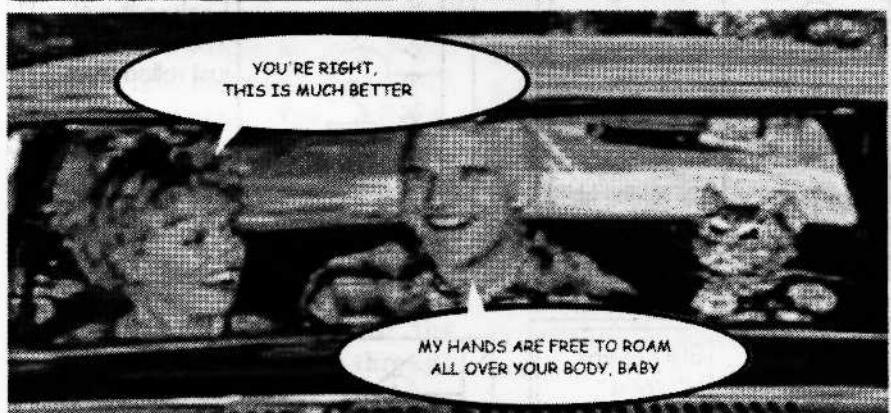
**A**t long last, the results to the *Omen's Semi-Annual Comicopia Challenge: So You Want to be a Beer Drinker* are in! What? You don't remember any such contest? The object was to create a comic strip based on a three panel sequence. We were literally swamped with entries, ranging from lewd, to crude, to downright rude! Obviously we couldn't print them all, so we chose the cream of the crop. Two comics, who's messages were so powerful they are sure to change lives. Here our the entries, in no particular order...

by Karl Moore





by Travis Dale



After carefully reviewing the entries, and analyzing them in terms of legitimate artistic value, content, and form, we *Omen* staffers held a secret ballot. One by one, we cast our votes to decide the future of two men. One would emerge victorious, going on to fame and fortune as would only benefit an *Omen* Champion, and one would be cast down, due to have his heart deflated by a crushing depression. The results were as follows, Travis Dale:1, Karl Moore:2, Draw:3, Toonies, the Cat Who Could Drive a Car:3, and Peter Kowalke (heart)s Galacticor:1. A tie between draw and Toonies! And since Toonies is not an actual cat, merely a cat shaped puppet, and therefore unable to claim his prize, it's a draw! Travis and Karl both win! Beer for all!

